

## HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

### Sprinkles of Spice.

"She's a very pretty girl. She is really immense." "And she has an immense father, to boot."—Syracuse Post.

"Mamma, see how cold that poor chestnut man looks! Do give me five cents so he can earn something."—Fleegende Blaetter.

Colonel—"Are you one of the 'advanced' women, Miss Passe?" Miss P. (haughtily)—"Indeed I am not. I was only 22 last birthday."—New York World.

Jimson—"Now, you wouldn't marry me, would you?" Miss Sears—"Most certainly not, but why do you ask such a question?" Jimson—"Just to decide a bet."—Kate Field's Washington.

Maud—"That Swattles girl is wildly infatuated with her new chum, that Molly Jamesby. What does it mean, I wonder?" Madge—"It means that Molly has a brother."—Chicago Record.

She—"I have been listening to an awfully clever man for the past hour." He—"Then you may find me dull." She—"Not at all. One can't stand too much of that sort of thing, you know."—Life.

Kicksy—"Wife, can you tell me why I am like a hen?" Mrs. Kicksy—"No, dear, why is it?" Kicksy—"Because I can seldom find anything where I laid it yesterday."—Philadelphia Record.

"What has Mrs. De Style done with the money her uncle left her?" "She did intend to build a house, but I see she has come out with new sleeves in two dresses, instead."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Johnson says he does not see why there should be any objection to woman entering the legal profession. Nine out of every ten married men know well enough that her word is law.—Buffalo Courier.

First dog—What is that row down the aisle? Second dog—That's one of Mulford's pups. He won his first prize yesterday and his head has swelled so they can't get his collar off.—Chicago Mail.

"How did Ohtlinter like the act of the lion tamer?" asked the circus proprietor. "He was bored to death. You see, he used to be the manager of an opera company with three prima donas in it."—Washington Star.

Missess—Why, Nettie, you are a nice girl! What are you doing with two sweethearts? Maid—O' please, ma'am, I have only one. The other only comes when the one is ill or on furlough.—Neueste Nachrichten.

Miss Wabhash—Will I see you at the Thornborne's masquerade to-morrow? Mr. Beaconstreet—Yes; I shall go as a monk. "Oh, how lovely! And will a hurdy-gurdy man have you on a string?"—Indianapolis Journal.

At the Assizes: Judge—Have you anything further to say? Prisoner—I should only like to ask that the time occupied by counsel's speech for the defense be deducted from my term of imprisonment.—Il Popolo Romano.

"What is the correct form for the opening sentence of a marriage license when an heiress captures an impoverished nobleman?" he asked. "I give it up," she replied. "Know all men by these cash presents."—Chicago Post.

"I am afraid," said the languishing sentimentalist, "that your being is not attuned to welcome sweet spring once more." "Yes it is," replied the practical man. "I took fifteen grains of quinine this morning."—Washington Star.

"Bill Doolan's band has been captured in Oklahoma," remarked the newspaper reader. "You don't say so," replied the man who pretends to keep posted, but doesn't. "What was Bill's band doing? Playing 'Sweet Marie'?"—Washington Star.

Merchant to clerk applying for a situation—So you speak French and English? Clerk—And Dutch into the bargain. Merchant—We have no dealings with Dutchmen; therefore I will take one-third of your salary.—Plauder-ecke.

Mr. Sharpp—If there were no women, the men would have nothing to laugh at. Mrs. Sharpp—If there were no women, the men wouldn't want anything to laugh at. They would not feel like laughing.—New York Weekly.

Customer (timidly)—I—er—suppose you have some—er—suitable books for a man about to—er—be married? Head clerk (promptly)—Yes, sir. Here Skig-gles, show this gentleman our line of largest sized pocketbooks.—Buffalo Courier.

At the Hairdresser's—A barber, after applying some sticking plaster to a gash made with the razor, prepared, nothing daunted, to continue the operation. Customer—I only fight up to first blood. The duel is at an end; let us shake hands.—Il Motto per Ridere.

Little Dot—"Uncle George says I'm 'too loquacious.' What does that mean?" Mamma—"That means you talk too much." Little Dot (after reflection)—"I s'pose big words was made so folks could say mean things wifout hurtin' anybody's feelings."—Good News.

"Well, Mrs. Parslow, I suppose you are doing as many other ladies do nowadays, taking lessons on a bicycle?" "No, Mr. Johnson, I am not. All the lessons I have had so far have been taken off the bicycle, but I hope soon to take them on it, as you suggest!"—Harper's Bazar.

## UNCLE SAM CALLS A HALT.



### TWO QUEER OLD HERMITS.

They Are Brothers and They Live in Illinois.

Anderson County, Illinois, enjoys the proud distinction of being the home of two of the queerest old hermits living. They are William and George Coombs, brothers, aged respectively 62 and 84 years. They live in a rude hut, which was built by their father about seventy-five years ago. Until three years ago the roof of clapboards was secured simply by long poles laid across and tied. Now the boards are nailed on. The window at the side of the door was formerly filled with glass, but of late years it has been closed with a tightly nailed piece of sheet iron. When this hut was built Indians and all sorts of wild animals roamed the then limitless forest, and



the lonely pioneer was frequently roused from his fitful slumbers by the fierce war-whoop of the savage or the wild shriek of the deadly panther. Now the vast forests are but a memory and well-tilled farms occupy the spot that once were the Indians' hunting grounds.

William and George Coombs were born in Kentucky and came to Clark County when the latter was a small boy. Rumor has it that in his early manhood William was jilted by a cruel maiden, and he then and there abjured the sex forever. His faithful brother George, whom he to this day terms "the baby," became his companion, and the two have ever since lived their life alone, solitary in the midst of teeming civilization.

Their hut is in the center of a 400-acre tract of land, which they own and rent out on shares. They will never sell their grain unless they get the price they think they should have or they have to have money to pay their taxes. They never keep any money by them. The produce they raise on the five-acre tract surrounding the hut and the eggs from their poultry supply them with the necessities of life, all of which they purchase of a huckster, never going to any town unless peremptorily summoned. The only visit they have ever paid Marshall in many years was when they were summoned on a trial a few years ago. The old men yet preserve all their faculties. Sight and hearing are good. In their earlier days both were mighty hunters, and thousands of wild turkeys as well as numbers of deer and bear fell to their rifles. Both still pride themselves on their marksmanship, old as they are, and not without reason, for their aim is still deadly.—Utes Globe.

### A Funeral Dance.

On one occasion, near Rice, Dakota, I witnessed an Indian funeral dance. The brave, a man of influence in the tribe, and who carried on his left hand the scar of a fearful wound, said to have been received at Fort Phil Kearney, was laid out stiff and stark in the tepee in which he died. The women, just as Christian women do, washed the corpse, and then dressed him in all his ornaments. A red blanket was wrapped about him, and a bow and quiverful of arrows were added to the equipment of death. Then the body was carried on his favorite pony, led by a woman, to the place of rest. On four poles with crochets, freshly driven into the ground, a platform of sticks was laid at a height of about ten feet. On this plat-

form the body reposed, as if the warrior was asleep in his blanket, with his bow and quiver beside him. Then the living braves circled about the scaffold with a slow, sorrowful motion, uttering a song or plaint. They made three or four rounds; then, silently mounting their ponies, they returned to camp, leaving their dead comrade to the company of the birds of heaven. In the dry air of Dakota the body becomes rapidly desiccated, and one can be in the neighborhood of scores of these burial scaffolds without noticing anything offensive. It is also a singular fact that the carrion birds seldom look for food among the bodies thus exposed. The motive for disposing of remains in this way probably is to save them from the wolves, which would scratch up a grave. Bodies are sometimes high up in the branches of trees, and it used to be no unusual thing in the river bottoms of the Missouri to come across a departed warrior thus disposed of.

### Reassuring.

Nervous people who are haunted by the fear of appendicitis every time they eat grapes or berries, trouble themselves unnecessarily, according to a prominent physician. The general impression that this singular ailment is caused by the presence of a seed or stone in the appendix is erroneous. A small bit of digested matter gets into the little sac, if the neck of it is open far enough to receive it. It may remain there for years and cause no trouble, and then again it may bring on appendicitis almost immediately. Where the patient is in good health, in four cases out of five the operation for removing the appendix is successful. Many people who have heard about appendicitis have given up the luxury of small fruit in fear of it, and some of the extremely sensitive ones have even been constantly worried lest some seed that they had swallowed in the past might give them this disease—which is among the rarest diseases any way. It is time to explode the seed story; it has caused too much discomfort already.

### An Old Custom.

Long ago it was the custom in the South to give the lady whom one invited for a drive or outing, a small sum with which to buy flowers, fruit, or confectionery to enhance the pleasure of the event. This money, which probably varied with the fortunes of the

gallant, was called "pin money." A writer tells of a young woman, now a grandmother, who encountered the custom many years ago at Saratoga, when that place was still the resort of good Southern families. She had been invited to drive with a stately old school Southern gentleman and his daughter, and after she had accepted the invitation, to her surprise, the father opened his handsome purse and gave her a silver dollar. Puzzled at so queer a proceeding, she called on an elderly woman who was a social authority, who explained to her that it was "pin money," and it was decided to invest it in a bunch of rose to carry in the hand while driving.

### A Plucky Indian Maid.

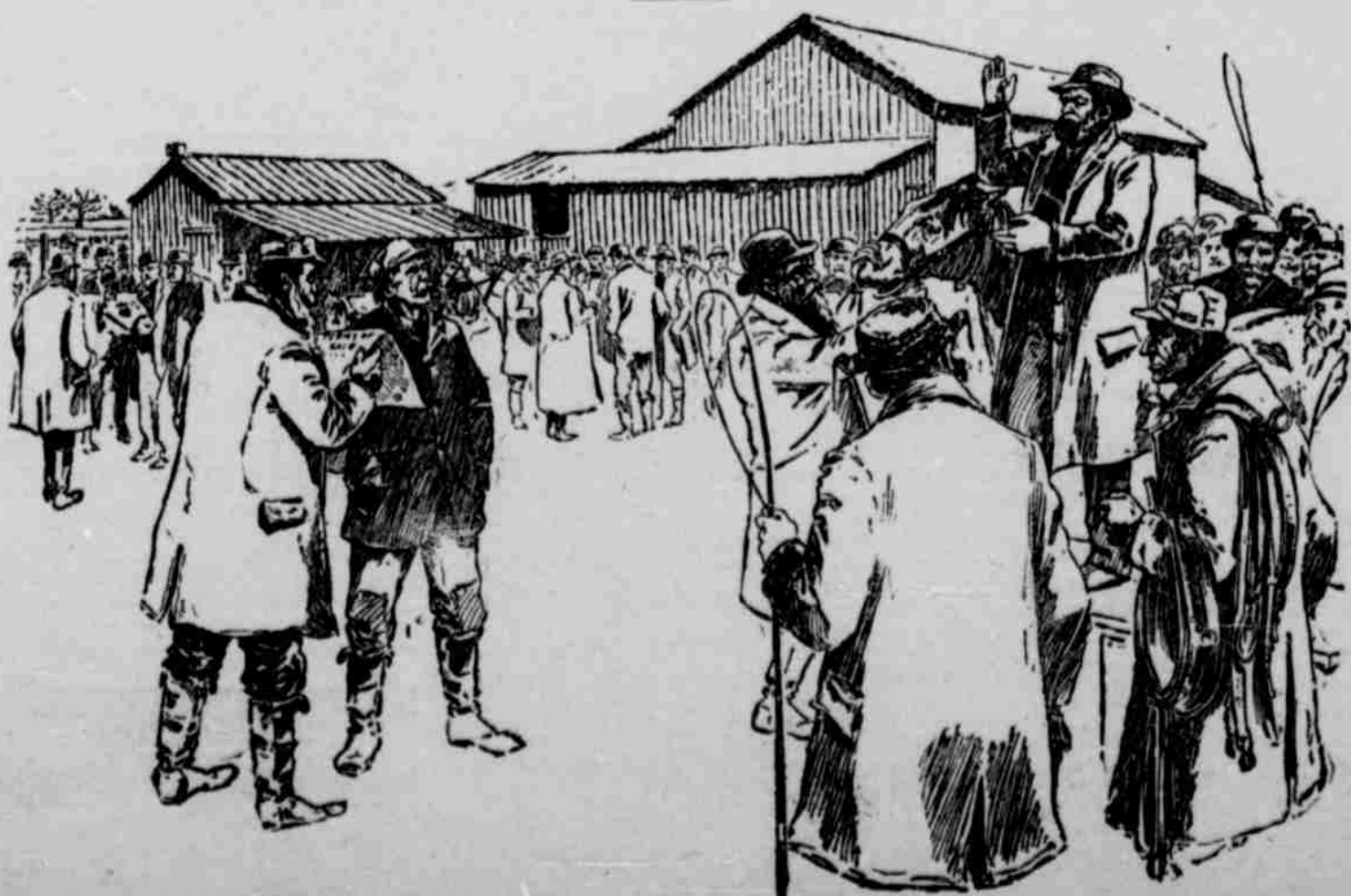
Louise Crouse is an Indian girl, 20 years old, who is a direct descendant of the Algonquins, who once ruled this great State. She is at the famous Normal School in Oswego, and is determined, it is said, to obtain a good education. She is penniless, her mother is dead, her father is a dipsomaniac, and there are no relatives or wealthy friends to aid her in her ambition. Nevertheless she has managed to pay her way so far, and to clothe herself as well, by the hardest labor of all kinds and at all times. She has done sewing, ironing, dressmaking and even gardening to get together the necessary money for her advancement. She is completing her course, but works as hard as ever in order to put by something with which to educate her younger sister. After completing her studies in the Normal School she hopes to enter some medical college and be graduated as a physician.—New York Mail and Express.

### Church with a Tree for a Steeple.

One of the oldest churches in Washington has a steeple formed of a tree. The church was built under the shade of a tall poplar tree, and an ingenious member of the congregation suggested that the tree should become the steeple of the building. Accordingly, the tree was deprived of its head, and on the mutilated stump the bell was hung. This is, perhaps, the only instance on record of a church spire having been made from a tree.

Hoax—"I'm going to take cornet lessons from Prof. Blowhard." Hoax—"Going to take him for your tooter, eh?"—Philadelphia Record.

### LAST DAYS ON THE OLD FARM.



## DOINGS AT LANSING.

WORK OF THE STATE LEGISLATURE.

An Impartial Record of the Work Accomplished by Those Who Make Our Laws—How the Time Has Been Occupied During the Past Week.

### The Law-Makers.

Representative Partridge, of Detroit, created the only sensation of the day Tuesday when he introduced a resolution to investigate the rumors and charges of unprincipled work in connection with the bill of Representative Matthews, which requires manufacturers of patent medicines to print the formula of their medicine upon the bottle. He was suspected of having acted with a firm of Detroit lawyers in attempting to obtain money from the manufacturers for killing the bill. The resolution was laid over one day under the rules. A bill was passed providing for the incorporation of mutual companies to insure plate glass. The bill to repeal the law taxing mortgages was made a special order. The constitutionality of the anti-fusion law passed by the Legislature will be passed upon by the Supreme Court. A. M. Todd, Populist and Prohibitionist candidate for Congress in the Third Congressional District, applied to the court for a writ of mandamus to require the election commissioners to place his name on the Populist, Prohibition and free silver tickets. An order to show cause was issued, when the constitutionality of the law will be argued.

A hearing was given by the joint committees of the House and Senate Wednesday upon the bill prepared by the municipal commission for the incorporation of cities having a population of more than 10,000 and less than 50,000. Although most of the cities of this class are satisfied with the bill there were present representatives from Saginaw, Bay City and two or three other towns, who assailed the measure in the most vigorous terms. From the opposition with which the measures are being received it is doubtful if they will become laws at the present session.

Thursday, when Senator Jamison's bill for the repeal of the law empowering Roman Catholic bishops to hold property in trust came up on its third reading in the Senate, there was a warm fight, which resulted in the bill being laid on the table, although it will doubtless be taken up again after election and passed. It is not, however, a measure which will affect the Catholics very seriously, as the bishops now hold property in fee simple, which cannot be well prevented by legislative enactment. A hot fight took place in the House over Representative Partridge's resolution calling for an investigation of the charges made against Representative Matthews in connection with the introduction of the patent medicine bill. Matthews defended himself and charged that Partridge had been actuated by animosity. The resolution was laid on the table.

The members of the State Legislature had a busy time at Ann Arbor Friday with their wives and children at the invitation of the Board of Regents to inspect the buildings on the campus. The invitation and inspection are the result of a request for an appropriation of several hundred thousand dollars to make improvements, especially in the laboratories. The legislators arrived 250 strong, and remained until evening. The entire day was occupied in the inspection of the university buildings. The party assembled in the chapel in the main hall and proceeded from there to visit the library. The physical and mechanical laboratories were then inspected and viewed in working order, full classes of students being present in each building. Then the event of the day took place. The legislators and families were conducted to the platform in University Hall and the whole college assembled in the body of the building. As the different classes marched into the hall each gave its class yell, and, being answered by those who were already there, pandemonium reigned for some time. When President Angell arose and stretched out his hands in an appeal for silence one could not hear a sound in the vast assemblage of over 3,000 people. The President then delivered a speech, which was answered by the Chairman of the State Senate, and then several short speeches by the legislators followed. This gathering completed the morning's exercises and in the afternoon the hospitals and law library were visited and also the dental clinic and hygienic laboratories. At the Western Gymnasium the classes proved one of the most attractive features of the day's program.

### Sacrificed His Pardon.

Relief, a Russian man of letters, had been implicated in the conspiracy of 1825 and sentenced to be hanged. He was launched from the fatal ladder, when the rope broke and he was thrown to the ground, severely bruised, but conscious. He picked himself up and said, "They can do nothing in Russia, not even twine a cord properly." It was customary in Russia to pardon the condemned after a similar fiasco, but on Relief's words being reported to the late Czar Nicholas and his pleasure demanded, he rejoined, "Prove to him that he is wrong." And they did.

### Holmes and Women and Children.

"I've several things bothering me," he confessed one day. "First, I am anxious to find a suitable inscription for a child's porringer. I never wrote a poem to a child, I believe. I love children dearly; I always want to stop them on the street; but I have never written about them; nor have I ever written much about women. I don't know why, but I care too much to do the Tom Moore style of thing."—Century.

Barrow, the theologian, was a singularly serious child. When he was disinclined to merriment it was impossible to make him laugh, such was his self-control.

Socrates began late in life to take dancing lessons. When laughed at by his friends, he said he wished to improve his deportment.

The image formed on the retina of the eye is inverted, so that all things are really seen upside down.